BATGIRL
YEAR ONE

IN GOD WE TRUST

LIBERTY

1947

MM AL '02

dccomics.com

NO. 4 MAY 03 scott beatty · chuck dixon · marcos martin · alvaro lopez

This may be the dumbest thing I've ever done.
Grand Avenue rushes up to meet me.
I'm breathless.
I'm terrified.

I'm happier than I've ever been.
For a few seconds.
It's two-ton test line.
No way it broke with my measly one-ten pounds.
Someone cut it.
Not that it's going to make any difference when I hit the sidewalk.

I'm seeing pretty clearly that I should have bought a bungee.
unnh!
I HAVE YOU!
uff!
WOO.
WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?
DID YOU SEE WHO CUT MY LINE?
uh-- BATMAN CUT IT--
HANG ON, I'M--
BATMAN?
WUNH!

Big Bad Bat cuts my line and then saves me.

Is this some kind of test?

I TOLD YOU BEFORE I DON'T NEED *YOUR* PERMISSION TO DO THIS.
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE *NEAR DEATH* EXPERIENCE?

YOU WERE AT TERMINAL VELOCITY.
THAT JUMPLINE YOU WERE USING HAS NO *GIVE*.
IT WOULD HAVE SLICED YOUR FINGERS OFF OR PULLED YOUR ARMS FROM THEIR SOCKETS.

BATGIRL DOESN'T KNOW THAT. SHE'S *NEW* AT THIS.

DON'T CALL HER THAT.
DON'T EVER CALL HER THAT AGAIN.

Is he strict.
YES...
THANKS FOR TRYING TO SAVE MY LIFE, ANYWAY.

--AS I FEARED, YOUR LITTLE SECRET SOCIETY IS GROWING...

An English accent?

WILL THE YOUNG LADY BE STAYING FOR DINNER?

NO.

That's The Bat.

THEN I SHALL RETURN TO MY DUTIES... *ELSEWHERE.*

Batman and Robin... and Jeeves?

YOU THINK IT WAS OKAY BRINGING HER HERE?

That's the kid.

Here? Where here?

YES.

Someplace BIG. Lots of echoes.

I JUST HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.

WELCOME TO OUR LAIR.
I was right. Batman is rich.
And possibly a little crazy.
IN GOD WE TRUST
LIBERTY
1947
J
R
CHAPTER FOUR: CAVE DWELLERS

Talk about taking a theme too far.
WOW... YOU REALLY DON'T MESS AROUND.
THIS IS SERIOUS FOR YOU.
WHO ARE YOU?

JEEZ LOUISE, IS THAT A CRAY MAIN-FRAME?
I SAID--

--WHO ARE YOU?
WHO AM I!?!

WHO ARE YOU?!
AND WHAT IS THIS PLACE? SOME RETRO BOMB SHELTER?
WHERE THE HECK DID YOU BRING ME?

HEY!

OW!

IF YOU TRY ANYTHING, I SWEAR I'LL SCREAM.

WATCH HER.
GOING BACK OUT?

THIS CITY DOESN'T PROTECT ITSELF.
MAKE SURE SHE DOESN'T TOUCH ANYTHING.

LOOKS LIKE YOU AND I GET TO HOLD THE FORT, BATGIRL.
HELP YOU UP?
I CAN DO IT MYSELF...
AND I'LL TELL YOU LIKE I TOLD HIM, PIXIE BOOTS...

IF YOU TRY ANYTHING I'LL SCREAM.

WHEN WILL YOUR BOSS BE BACK?
HE'S NOT MY BOSS. I'M HIS *PARTNER*. AND IT COULD BE A COUPLE HOURS... MAYBE MORE.

PATROLS SOMETIMES GO ALL THE WAY UNTIL SUNUP.
YOUR HERBAL TEA AND THE LINIMENT YOU REQUESTED FOR YOUR STRAINED SHOULDER.
CATCHING UP ON ALL THE PRIMETIME TELEVISION YOU FORFEIT DURING THESE NOCTURNAL TRAIPSINGS?

SO WHO'S THE BRITISH GUY?
NOBODY YOU NEED TO KNOW.
OH... I SEE.
WE CAN NOW ADD *VOYEURISM* TO THE ROSTER OF PERSONAL PSYCHOSES YOU REFUSE TO ADDRESS.
NOT NOW, ALFRED.

I WILL ADMIT *MY* COMPLICITY IN YOUNG MASTER RICHARD'S INVOLVEMENT IN THIS BIT OF FAMILY ENTERPRISE...
BUT I WILL NOT CONDONE NOR REMAIN SILENT WHILE YOU ENGAGE IN OPEN RECRUITMENT AND *ENABLE* OTHER YOUNG VIGILANTES.
AND JUST WHAT *DO* YOU CALL THIS MORALITY PLAY UNFOLDING BENEATH US?

IT'S A CLASSIC.
GOOD COP, BAD COP.

AND I TRUST THAT MASTER RICHARD IS THE 'GOOD COP'?
WHY ELSE DO YOU THINK HE WEARS THE BRIGHT COLORS?

Hydrogen-fueled power generator.
Oh-kay.
AND IT'S ALL ENVIRONMENTALLY FRIENDLY, TOO.

THE BIG BIRD DEFINITELY SOARS, BUT I KINDA PREFER THE WHIRLY-BATS.
NOW THAT'S FLYING BY THE SEAT OF YOUR PANTS.
This place is outfitted for war.
A war on crime.

SERIOUSLY. FANGS.
I'm just stalking muggers and two-bit holdup guys.
These guys are hunting the REAL monsters.

Every genus and species Gotham City has to offer.
AYFACE
BLOCKH
LLBANCZ
AKA: BASIL KARLO
Alphabetized, identified, and cross-referenced according to penchant, predilection, or power.
This single library of larceny shames just about every other law-enforcement database on the planet.

THIS CLOWN'S NO JOKE.
IF YOU SEE HIM, RUN THE OTHER WAY.
Who are these guys?

CLEAR CROSSING
...LIKE A SHOOTING GALLERY EXCEPT WITH RUBBER ROUNDS AND PAINT PELLETS TO SIMULATE HITS.
OCCASIONALLY, STUN-GUN DARTS, TOO... BUT THOSE ARE HARDER TO DODGE.

IF I COULD TRUST YOU TO BE GOOD, YOU MIGHT TRY IT OUT.
CLEAR CROSSING
MAYBE SHOW ME IF YOU'VE REALLY GOT THE STUFF TO DO WHAT WE DO.
I MAY SURPRISE YOU, PIXIE BOOTS.

OKAY THEN... BUT THIS IS JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, OKAY?

IF THE BIG GUY KNEW I WAS DOING THIS, HE'D HAVE MY HASH.

ORDERS ARE ORDERS.
CLEAR CROSSING

CLEAR CROSSING
WE HAVE RULES DOWN HERE.
DISABLE FAIL-SAFE

NOW WHAT?

WOW.
Nothing like the pistol range at the Police Academy.
This is more akin to a Hollywood sound stage.
What kind of money did they sink into this?
MEN AT WORK

Is it more about cash than courage?

I think the special effects are convincing at first.
VIIP VIIP VIIP
VIIP

Until I realize the bullets are real.
A live-fire exercise?
How crazy are these guys?
Pretty damn crazy.
Imagine tossing an unarmed woman into this role-playing deathtrap.
But I'm not just any woman.
I'm Jim Gordon's little girl.

00:03
00:02

CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
VERY NICE. I THINK YOU GET YOUR DIPLOMA.

REALLY?
OOOFF?

WELL, HOW'S MY POST-GRADUATE WORK?
UNNH!
I WOULDN'T GRADE YOU AS HIGH AS MY PARTNER.
YEAH? WELL, I HAVE A FEW WORDS FOR YOU, TOO.

I DON'T THINK YOU PASSED.
I--unnh-- SURVIVED, DIDN'T I?
THAT'S NOT ENOUGH.

YOU USED LETHAL FORCE AGAINST YOUR LAST OPPONENTS.
WE DON'T DO THAT.
WE DON'T KILL EVEN TO DEFEND OURSELVES.

WAS I SUPPOSED TO LET--uh--YOUR PAPERDOLLS SHOOT ME?
WHAT WOULD THAT HAVE PROVED?

ONLY THAT YOU COULD BE ONE OF US.

IT WASN'T A FAIR TEST.
OW.
SHE DIDN'T HAVE ANY OF THE GEAR WE USE.

I DON'T NEED ALL THESE TOYS--
--YOUR WEIRD GIANT PENNY-ARCADE SHOOTING GALLERIES AND ALL THE REST.

I'M STRONG ENOUGH... *inh*... AND... *unf*... SMART ENOUGH FOR *ANYTHING* YOU THROW AT ME.
THEN ANSWER ONE QUESTION.

WHY?

WELL. I... I...
I THOUGHT SO.

THIS ISN'T A *GAME.*
TIME TO GO HOME, LITTLE GIRL.

IS THAT IT?
I FAIL THE FINAL BECAUSE I CAN'T TELL YOU IN FIFTY WORDS OR LESS WHY I WANT TO DO THIS?

YOU MAY HAVE ALL THE TOOLS OF THE TRADE--
--BUT YOU DON'T HAVE A MONOPOLY ON WANTING TO HELP.
I'LL TELL YOU WHY, YOU BIG SCARY GOON...

BECAUSE I CAN.

I CAN SEE GOTHAM'S FUTURE.
AND WITHOUT PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND PIXIE BOOTS AND ME, THIS PLACE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

SO GO AHEAD AND GAS ME WITH YOUR HANDY KNOCKOUT SPRAY.
I'LL STILL FEEL THE SAME WAY WHEN I--

--WAKE?
FSSSTTTT

CURIOUS HOW THE ROLE OF "BAD COP" IS SO EASILY CEDED TO THE UNDERSTUDY.

...LOCK HER IN, LAD...
WE DON'T WANT SOME ERRANT VAGABOND STUMBLING UPON THE YOUNG MISS BEFORE SHE ROUSES FULLY.
WHERE...
...am I?
Oh, no. No, no, no.
They know.
They know where I live.
They know who I am.
WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE... FEH!
THE OBVIOUS SOMETIMES ELUDES EVEN HIM, LAD.
AND YOU SAY YOU KNEW IT FROM THE START?
YEAH. THE RED HAIR. THAT CUTE LITTLE BURST OF FRECKLES ACROSS THE BRIDGE OF HER NOSE...
COWL OR NO COWL--

"--I'D RECOGNIZE CAPTAIN GORDON'S DAUGHTER ANYWHERE."
GOTHAM EXPRESS

DING DONG! DING DONG!

MORE COMPUTER STUFF?
UH... LOOKS LIKE IT... YEAH.
MUST BE MY... UM... MEMORY UPGRADE.

Y'KNOW... RAM, ROM, BITS, AND BYTES.
That's it, Babsy. Baffle the antiquated Chief of Detectives with techno-jargon.
He'll no doubt dismiss your blushing also.
Yup. No way he'll even begin to surmise that his prim and proper daughter spent the better part of last night in the company of dark strangers in some batcave.

That's right, Dad.
MISS BARBARA GORDON
359 MURPHY AVENUE
GOTHAM CITY
Just assume that your little Librarian is just ordering hopelessly boring geek items through the mail.

Hardware. Software. Test-prep materials...

BATGIRL,
YOU LOOK LIKE A FAST STUDY.
THIS'LL HELP YOU CRAM.
TRUST ME.
HE'LL COME AROUND.
R
P.S. PIXIE BOOTS ARE OPTIONAL.
Everything I need for the make-up exam.
TO BE CONTINUED
SCOTT BEATTY & CHUCK DIXON STORY
MARCOS MARTIN PENCILS
ALVARO LOPEZ INKS
JAVIER RODRIGUEZ COLORS
HEROIC AGE SEPARATIONS
WILLIE SCHUBERT LETTERS
NACHIE CASTRO ASSISTANT EDITOR
MATT IDELSON EDITOR